BE "WISE AND WARY." See page ii of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 480 SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1915. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 279626

For meaning of this number see page 28.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the Kingdom.

BRITISH MUSEUM

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. Exactly similar benefits are given by our sister-journal *Everywoman's Weekly*. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND POST TO US THE WEEKLY COUPON WHICH WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK AFTER ITS RECEIPT BY US, AND MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY, OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

August 14th, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....*Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

August 14th, 1915. .....

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured.....

Address.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature*.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name.....*Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of this Insurance. Signature not out of order.

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. August 14th, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 480. Week ending Saturday, August 14th, 1915. One Penny.

The Circulation of "John Bull" now exceeds 1,150,000 copies weekly.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for August 7th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 680,546 and A100,162.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

All remittances, applications for advertising space, subscriptions, orders, etc., should be addressed to Odhams Limited, 93 & 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Our Campaign.

This week—after wonderful meetings at Bournemouth and Torquay—we are at Merry Margate on Thursday, at Harrogate on Saturday, and at the famous Blackpool Winter Gardens on Sunday; whilst we are provisionally fixed for Aberystwyth, Liverpool and Preston for the first three days of next week respectively. We *do* get about in our dinner hour, don't we?

O.P. Again!

The old story. They *will* have JOHN BULL, and we simply cannot keep pace with the demand. As soon as we have polished off the Germans, all munition workers will have to be put upon additional printing machines for us.

Japan.

Would the Foreign Secretary tell us just a little more than we know at present about the part which Japan is playing in the war? Sorry to trouble him—especially at holiday time.

We Wonder Why.

We believe there are eight Generals attached to the Royal Marine Light Infantry, a brigade of which is now fighting hard in the Dardanelles. Can Lord Kitchener tell us how many of these high officers are leading the forces?

Mr. Asquith.

Look out for an early surprise.

The Traitors.

Hearty congratulations to the *Morning Post* upon its crushing exposure of Ramsay von Macdonald's confederate, E. D. Morel. We watched this man closely in Parliament—and we think we know him. We agree with our distinguished contemporary that he *is* "not a *fool*."

"Our Strange Discovery."

With reference to the list of funny names, published by us recently, of officials in various public offices, although we made it clear that we did not suggest that all or any of them were necessarily of Teutonic origin, we gladly say that one of such names—that of Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Burtchaell—is Irish for Birchell; that another—Kempt—is Scottish for Kemp; and that its owner, Commander Alfred Rodney Kempt, is of pure Leith and Edinburgh blood; whilst Curgenven "is a very old Cornish name"—and Gedye is also Cornish.

But What About This?

We gladly publish the above explanations; but who and what is "Gilbert S. Szlumper," Secretary of the newly-formed Railway Executive Committee? What *is* the matter with poor old Smith and Brown?

Saturday Afternoon.

If you have an hour free, just run down to "Tennessee," 154, Wimbledon Park Road, Southfields, and see some splendid tennis for the benefit of the Canadian Red Cross.

"Name."

Who is the member of the Government who is still consulting a Harley Street German specialist, and having his prescriptions dispensed by a German firm of chemists?

John Bull War Loan Club.

If you would like a chance of getting £2,000 of War Loan Stock for half-a-crown, write to A. L. Cox, John Bull Club, Lucerne, Switzerland.

Get Yours.

We refer to our wonderful War Diary, which will be published, at the popular price of a shilling, on the 21st. One day that little volume will be a classic.

Page 13.

13 is supposed to be unlucky. But just have a look at page 13 of this issue. Isn't it a romance?

Our Great Free War Insurance. See page ii of cover.

Forgiveness.

Quoted in the *Parish Magazine* of St. Luke's Church, Bermondsey, is an article on "Our Supreme Duty," written by C. C. Liddell, and reprinted from the *Commonwealth*. We have but one supreme duty now—to fight and win—and Bermondsey breeds V.C.s to help us; but this Bermondsey magazine is a horse of another colour—or perhaps an ass. According to the opinion it prints, our supreme duty is forgiveness. "We must forgive the poor Huns who sing 'Deutschland über Alles' . . . . We must forgive the man who wrote and the men who sing the 'Hymn of Hate'. . . . And we must forgive (may GOD help us) the men who burn churches and desecrate altars, who kill aged men and outrage innocent women." There is more, much more, of this epileptic raving, but we decline to quote it. Our sample must serve to show what creatures there are stalking abroad in our midst, and what would be the doom of the nation should the "pacifists" ever get the upper hand. The printing of such stuff is an abuse of the liberty of the press. "We must forgive the desolators of Belgium," and all the rest of the unholy crew. May we be—forgiven!—if we do!

A Silly Song.

A section of the press has been booming an American song, "I didn't Raise my Son to be a Soldier," as the expression of the strong "peace" feeling in the United States, and as proof that such outrages as the *Lusitania* crime will never move the nation to active protest. But the song was actually written as long ago as January last, before anybody in America could have guessed that country would be involved in threats of war. Whether America fights or not, she has been wonderfully quick and active in her works of charity and humanity in Belgium, both for the civilians and for the Red Cross, and we must not rush to accept a stupid, vapid song as the voice of the nation. It is amusing to note that the authorised British version of the ditty runs, "I'm glad my Boy grew up to be a Soldier"!

The Board Starts Work.

Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., the new Board of Education, has apparently started work. At any rate, there is now issued from that national laboratory of intellect a pamphlet, price one penny, describing in detail the high principles of war dietetics, among other things, to wit, how to utilise outer cabbage leaves, bacon rinds (which have this quality in common with the more luscious cream—they are particularly rich in fat), apple peelings, and other inexpensive fruits. We do not remark in the preface that Mr. Henderson, with a normal official salary of £2,000 per annum, has been ordered by his own medical man to confine himself to this war diet, but as an educational experience he may do so if he pleases. Almost any of the *recherché* restaurants will be glad to supply him with the goods.

Hereford's Germhun Eagle.

"Are you aware," demands a Hereford man, "why the Germhun Eagle is still allowed to surmount the flagstaff at the Town Hall of this city?" Not only so; we did not even know there was a Germhun Eagle there. Perhaps the Mayor or the Town Clerk or somebody will now explain to us how it got on that perch, what it is doing there, and why the Union Jack of Old England (and Scotland) should float beneath it? Unless Hereford is one of the suburbs of Berlin, this Germhun Eagle is so strangely out of place that if it is not taken down we shall incline to suggest that somebody with a gun should shoot it down; providing there happens to be anybody in Hereford with a gun. Certainly the display cannot be helping recruiting.

"John Bull's" Diary of the War.

"Lo, Here Am I."

In one of his articles Mr. Hales, expressing the view that time and opportunity are ripe for a leader to arise among women, exclaimed, "Where is the woman?" Miss—or is it Mrs.?—C. Nina Boyle, of St. Martin's Lane, now replies thus: "With all modesty, but with firmness, Mr. Editor, I answer 'Here!' With a little—only a little—of the press support so fulsomely lavished on others of far less ability and worth, I guarantee to lead the women of England—not to mention the men—anywhere and to anything." In that case, why does not Nina immediately proceed to lead? Leaders do not wait for advertising agents and for somebody else to tell them what to do and where to go. Let Nina assemble her legions of petticoats on the Embankment, lead them to Essen, and blow up Krupp's. She shall then have a whole page advertisement in JOHN BULL, with her photograph in the middle, and, as a reward beyond platinum or precious stones—a husband, if necessary and we can find her one.

An Insult to Shakespeare.

We are informed that a charge of 6d. is made for admission to Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare lies buried. If this be true, we consider it a worse insult to the memory of our national poet and playwright than that of the Germhuns in claiming him as a fellow-countryman. The ashes, as well as the memory, of the world's greatest genius are a national possession; and all decent British subjects who desire to stand beside his tomb and do homage to his giant mind should be free to do so without being called upon to produce sixpence, as if they were paying for a seat in a cinema or to see a lion-faced woman at a country fair. We understand that one of the reasons for the charge advanced by the officials of the church is that free admission would attract all the riff-raff of the town to the sacred precincts. Are there so many persons in Stratford-on-Avon unfit to enter the venerable edifice which knew the tread of Shakespeare's feet? We can scarce believe it.

Farnham and the War Baby.

Last year there were thousands of soldiers in the camps around Farnham, 20,000 being billeted in the town alone. The lay and clerical caretakers of other people's morals at once commenced to be fussily busy in hedge peeping, moral exhortation, and war-baby prophecy. After all this time, however, they are still so short of war baby in Farnham that the District Council feels called upon to advertise for it. "Notice is hereby given," says the Clerk, "that the Council's Medical Officer will attend at the following places on the days and hours mentioned . . . where and when any expectant mother residing in the Council's district may obtain free advice and instruction. . . ." The fact is, the illegitimate birth-rate in Farnham for March, April, May, and June was each month much below the average, and the puritans on the prowl have had one of the gravest disappointments of their lives.

Now All is Well.

The Central Committee of National Patriotic Associations, of which Mr. Asquith is president, and which issued a circular suggesting that meetings in every British town and village should be held in support of the war, will be glad to learn that, in the opinion of the Tupton Parish Council, such a meeting was unnecessary, "as the whole of Tupton parish are behind the Government." Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Kitchener, Sir John Jellicoe, and General French may now proceed with renewed confidence and zeal to the accomplishment of their strenuous task.

Ready August 21st. 1s. nett.

"On the East Coast."

Under this heading we commented on some proceedings at Hull, where an hotel was attacked by a crowd of people because some lights, like signals, had been observed, and the German manager, named Krause, was in a position of jeopardy until taken charge of by the police. An English tradesman now writes to give Krause a good character, and instances a number of points in his favour. It is the act of an Englishman to speak up for his friend, and we appreciate the motive of our correspondent. But the mischief of the position, especially in an East-coast seaport like Hull, is that the innocent must suffer for the guilty. Krause may be innocent—but it should be made impossible for him to be otherwise. Our correspondent cites the case of another German in Hull, and, if all he says is correct, it is one that calls for the attention of the police. We said before that the authorities were slow to act, and we complimented the people of Hull on being prompt. Their action is justified by the statement that the "lights" in Krause's hotel were caused by "two maids with candles, fooling about at top windows that had no blinds." That the citizens of Hull resented this was a matter not for criticism but for commendation.

Banning the Little Ones.

One would expect a minister to be almost the last person to object to the existence of children; the Bible, especially the New Testament, abounds in such love for the little ones and is so earnest for their welfare and so unsparing in denunciation of those who would do them ill, that a minister, holding the Bible as his rock of faith, should be a lover of children by training as well as by nature. The Rev. Isaac Bridge, of 87, Howard Road, Walthamstow, falls rather below our estimate. He is the owner of a house at Hackney, and a desirable applicant proposed to take up the tenancy. Mr. Bridge's first letter on the subject is quite affable in tone, and it says, "I should think the house would be likely to suit you well." An interview between the parties was equally satisfactory, but then Mr. Bridge wrote this in a second letter: "Mrs. Bridge . . . would prefer a tenant without children, therefore must decline." The reverend gentleman is unchivalrous enough to shift the decision on to his wife's shoulders, but the fact remains that he objects to the pattering feet of two little boys on his property. He does not act according to his preaching.

Ho for the Farnborough Landlady!

A Lieutenant of the Royal Army Medical Corps asks us, if we have any influence with Von Tirpitz, "kindly to request him to send a Zepp. over to Farnborough at once to drop a few bombs on the local landladies." He has just returned home "after hunting for rooms for self and wife for the last twenty-four hours," and that is how he feels about it. "One nice old lady showed me three small rooms," quoth he, "and on my inquiring as to the price she reluctantly consented to let me have them for £3 a week—rooms only." Perhaps she could not resist the constant appeals to her patriotism, and felt she also would like to do her bit.

More Renegade Vapouring.

Houston Stewart Chamberlain, the renegade Englishman to whom the Kaiser presented the Iron Cross—and no two-legged animal on this earth has ever better deserved it—is at it once more, this time in the pages of an American review. "I, an Englishman," says Chamberlain, among other things, "must have the courage to tell the truth. We can be saved only by a wise, strong, and victorious Germany." What is Chamberlain playing up for this time? The Order of the Black Eagle, or a chunk of potato bread to assuage his hunger?

Williams Worsted.

For so long has Mr. A. S. Williams, Chief Constable of West Sussex, played the part of a petty tyrant in the area under his control, that it is a positive pleasure to hear that at last the Worthing Magistrates have had the pluck to oppose him. He will be remembered as having complained of the stoutness of the constables under his command and ordered them at once to take stringent measures to reduce their *embonpoint*. He may also be recalled as having forbidden his men to enter a public house for a drink, even when off duty, and instructed them to be indoors by ten o'clock o' nights at the latest. His harsh treatment of a constable who accepted a drink at a Pagham inn should also be within memory. We wrote him a "Candid Communication" on that occasion. So far, he appears to have had all his own way; but we welcome his recent discomfiture as a fitting punishment for his arrogance. Since the war, Worthing public houses have been closed at 9 p.m. Last week the local Magistrates considered the advisability of relaxing the rule by permitting them to remain open till 10. The proposal was strongly opposed by Williams, on whom the mention of a public house appears to have the same effect as does the waving of a red rag on a bull. Summoning all their courage to their aid, the Worthing Magistrates dared to oppose his wishes and to ignore his protest. We wonder what will be Williams' next move to recover his lost prestige.

More "Light."

When we wrote about the prosecutions for showing a light "in darkest Bournemouth," we had no idea other townships considered themselves even worse treated—Herne Bay and Whitstable, to wit. The fines are bigger, ranging from one pound, in a few cases, to a usual figure of three pounds. One unfortunate feature is the fact that it is often the innocent landladies who pay, and not the lodgers who commit the offence. Protest appears to be unavailing; one gentleman proved that a shaded light behind red curtains could not be seen at all at fifty yards distance, but the Bench eased him of the customary sixty shillings. Quite an amusing remark by the Magistrates, though made solemnly, is the condescending intimation that a defendant would be "let off" on payment of £2! One gentleman came direct from London, knew nothing of the local order, and received no warning, so the Bench mercifully said "he would be fined only £3." And we hear of a poor lady who has been pounced upon once for showing a candle light, and is now so nervous that she warms the baby's food on the staircase, where there is no window at all! But the police hauled in £15 in one day, so persecution pays.

A Thirst for Thrashing.

A small boy was charged at Acton with being in unlawful possession of a bag of apples. It was not the first time in history that this fruit has been productive of misery, so the little chap might have taken warning, had he been old enough to judge. Being only a kiddy, he was tempted, and he fell. In court, his father said the child had already been thrashed. "If I don't fine him," said the grim beak, "will you punish him again?" And the Roman father said, "I'll promise faithfully; I'll do it here, if you like." And off went pa and son, while the Court gloated over the coming caning; in fact, everybody seemed to enjoy the idea of the thrashing except the one principally concerned, the wretched little culprit, who was led away crying dismally. And we do not wonder at it, for the boy had already received one good hiding for his naughtiness, laid on readily by his indignant dad; and one was enough. The rest was sheer cruelty, neither more nor less.

Best of papers you'll allow, "Everywoman's Weekly" now.

Faces in Court.

Decency in Court should be observed even by a prosecutor, and rudeness to a woman is indefensible though she be in tears and in the witness-box. A woman at the Central Criminal Court was giving evidence on behalf of her husband, who was acquitted on a charge brought against him by the Walton Gas Company. Mr Bilney is a Director of the prosecuting Company, and, being Chairman of the Walton District Council, is also a J.P. In a report of the proceedings we read: "At this point Mrs. Lamb"—the defendant's wife—"who had frequently been affected to tears during her evidence, complained that Mr. Bilney was laughing and making faces from his seat behind counsel opposite; and several of the jurors corroborated her complaint—whereupon the Recorder requested Mr. Bilney either to leave the Court or sit at the back." The Recorder's rebuke was more than justified; it may teach better manners to one who, as a public man and as a party in the case on trial, should never have exposed himself to correction from the Bench—nor to the reproach of tears shed by a distressed woman pleading for her husband.

The Cream of It.

Islesham, in the Fens, can scarcely be desirous of a cold *douche* of pessimism, but the Rev. F. W. Cream, speaking at an open-air service of intercession, did his best to supply the unnecessary. The war, he considers, is a judgment on Belgium because of the Congo atrocities; on France for atheism; and on us for pleasure-seeking and forgetting the Sabbath. So now we know. Only Germany, apparently, has a clean sheet. The good Baptist minister went on to tell us "We did not deserve victory yet . . . theatres and other places of amusement were going on as usual." If peace were declared, he asked, "would the churches and chapels be crowded with people giving thanks? No!" Mr. Cream offers a fine object-lesson for the apparent emptiness of the edifice he adorns; we can heartily congratulate the people on staying away, if he is in the habit of preaching that kind of mischievous rant and cant from his rostrum. The open-air meeting at which he reviled the nation was closed, we are pleased to note, by a heavy shower of rain, which stopped the speeches. It was an actual visitation from the skies not without significance.

What Says Mr. Lees Smith?

According to a daily newspaper Mr. Lees Smith, the junior M.P. for Northampton, is a member of the executive of the Union of Democratic Control, of which the pestiferous Ramsay von Macdonald, Member for Leicester, is the fountain head. Mr. Lees Smith can tell his constituents whether this is so or not; if it is not so, so good—if so, so ill; in which case they will doubtless desire to dissociate themselves from the anti-British, pro-Germhun attitude which the association of Mr. Smith with the von Macdonald would obviously imply. Northampton likes to be represented, not misrepresented. Oh, for the days of Bradlaugh!

Questions from Norwich.

"Do you think this is right?" asks a Norwich lady who signs herself "Englishwoman." "A Germhun who was a kitchen man at a hotel here took a *café* with his wife, and he is now fighting with brother Huns, while the wife is still taking our money at the *café*, and says her man is serving at the front. And so he is—but it's on the opposite front to ours. Don't you call this cheek? Not that I want him to protect me. I'd rather have my old Thomas cat." So so; but the problem is surely one of extreme simplicity. The lady is "still taking our money at the *café*" only because the folk of Norwich give her the money to take. Therefore—

A Dual Job at Fulham.

Let us say at once that the word job is used in the sense of "post" and no other. There is, however, a public as well as a private point of view in the new appointment of Superintendent Registrar of Births and Deaths, into which Mr. Mott, the Clerk to the Fulham Guardians, has so easily slithered "by Act of Parliament." As Clerk to the Guardians Mr. Mott is paid for his whole time, and not for a portion of it; if, now, the work of the Guardians is to be neglected in order that the work of the Registrar-General may be done, or the work of the Registrar-General is to be neglected in order that the work of the Guardians may be done, evidently Mr. Mott cannot hold the dual office with advantage to the public. Mr. Mott now takes two salaries; what guarantee has he given that he can perform two jobs? Do the Guardians propose to supply him with increased staff at the cost of the ratepayers to help him out with his Clerkship, or reduce his salary to pay for it—or does Mr. Mott intend to pay for increased staff out of his own pocket?

The Choir's Privilege.

East Finchley Congregational Church is laudably loyal on Sundays, for the National Anthem is rendered at the commencement of the morning and evening services. We say the National Anthem is "rendered," instead of describing it as sung, because in the printed sheet, given away in the church, we find the line, "'God Save the King.' (Choir Only)," and it puzzles us why such a restriction should be imposed. All other hymns are joined in by the congregation, whether they know the tunes or not, and it seems a grave affront to a man's patriotic instincts if he is to be debarred from joining in the singing of the National Hymn in his own church—the very place and occasion where and when a devout worshipper would sing "God Save the King" most heartfully and most earnestly. Have the choir such sweet voices that they are justified in retaining this anthem to themselves? Or are the Congregationalists of East Finchley so lustily loyal that their singing of the nation's song might raise the roof?

The "New Statesman" and the War.

We published last week an article which stated that the editorship of the *New Statesman* was held by Mr. Clifford Allen, who has been associated with the campaign against the war. The statement was—we need scarcely say unintentionally—completely without foundation. The mistake arose from the fact that the editor of the *New Statesman* has the same Christian name as Mr. Allen. Mr. Clifford Allen is not the editor of the *New Statesman*, nor has he ever contributed to that journal. Moreover, the *New Statesman* has throughout the war strongly supported a continuance of the struggle until Germany has been thoroughly beaten; and it has been fighting inside the Socialist movement those very opinions for which Mr. Clifford Allen stands.

Still at the Game.

Hansen and Gibb, of Nottingham, are still on the old game. In all our experience of brown packing-paper, we have never known three small bales to take so long to exhaust as those which this audacious firm have been offering at large for months—or is it years?—on end. "Would you mind obliging us," they still plead, "by taking off our hands three small bales which we have on hand at the wharf?" At one time this touching appeal to the human heart was accompanied by a picturesque yarn descriptive of the way those three small bales came into Messrs. Hansen and Gibb's possession; now there is no yarn, but the three small bales go on for ever.

A present worth ten is the "John Bull" Pen.

Angels on Horseback.

"Angels on horseback," on the restaurant *menu*, are oysters wrapped in a slice of bacon, grilled, and served on toast. And very nice, too. Equally relishing to the taste of the credulous are those angels of Mons, on horseback or on foot. New versions continue to arrive, with new embroiderings, but it is interesting to note that Miss Marrable, the "daughter of a well-known canon," who was made responsible for the yarn, has sent a letter to say that she really knows nothing about the angels, but has heard the story! Yet a correspondent writes quite indignantly that the incident is well authenticated—by Miss Marrable! Then we have a story by a "distinguished officer" that, during the splendid retreat, "a heavy thunderstorm broke, letting down curtains of rain between the two armies. Its occurrence was so providential that it was regarded as the intervention of heaven. But there were no angels." A clergyman suggests that the "appearances" were "vapours of a phosphorescent nature which rise from bodies about the time of dissolution." And a soldier—so a nurse informs us—actually saw St. George, whom he recognised so positively because he had seen his figure on a sovereign. St. George was certainly never garbed as the artist depicted him. The same nurse says other soldiers swear the figure was either St. Michael—or Joan of Arc! Readers still silly enough to deceive themselves are welcome to choose between all these irreconcilable fancies and phantasies.

"Iron Justice."

Readers will remember the poor Post Office girl, sentenced by Mr. Justice Ridley to the brutal term of six months' hard labour, for stealing twenty-five shillings in the mistaken idea that money was wanted to secure leave of absence for her soldier sweetheart before he went to the front. It was a merciless sentence on a misguided, loving girl, and we said plainly what we thought of it and of the Judge who could dispense such "iron justice." We are happy to hear from a kindly clergyman that the girl has now been placed in the second division, and we have a copy of a letter to this clergyman from the soldier in France, who says, "If God spares me, I will return to England and marry her. In the meantime I am arranging for her to have every penny of my allowance, and she will go to a different part of England, where she can be made as happy as possible until I return. I hope I may live to see you marry us." The Vicar is petitioning to the King's clemency, for either the poor girl's release or a substantial remission of her sentence. Our readers will join us in hoping for his success, for the girl's sake, for the sake of her soldier sweetheart, and as a rap over the knuckles for a Judge who kicks Mercy out of his Court.

A Baseless Charge.

Upon his Army pay form, Private Alfred Green, of the Hampshire Regiment, stated that prior to his enlistment he had allowed his foster-mother 15s. a week, but when the time came for the old lady to claim an allowance, she estimated her son's contribution at 12s., whereupon the Army authorities seem to have scented "false pretences." The case was reported to the ublic Prosecutor, and, at Exeter, mother and son were charged with attempting to obtain a dependent's allowance by fraud. In the course of magisterial investigation, however, the case for the prosecution collapsed like a house of cards. It was shown that the lad had picked up a living in a variety of ways, his allowance to his mother having fluctuated considerably, ranging from 15s. to 11s. a week—thence the apparent discrepancy. A little preliminary investigation might have averted the scandal of a baseless criminal charge against a blameless old lady of sixty-three.

In the Cart.

Nearly every woman is blessed with a good heart—or it would go hard with some of the men; but there are exceptions. Picture a woman from a farm jogging along the road in a comfortable cart, on her way from a homestead near Cowbridge to the town of Bridgend. Add to the picture a wounded soldier, guided and guarded by a nurse, tramping down the same road in the same direction, towards the station. The nurse speaks, civilly, modestly, to the woman in the cart, asking, "Will she give the wounded man a lift?" To the credit of country folk with carts, let it be said that a lift along the road is usually a matter of course, granted willingly as soon as asked, and often offered voluntarily. But the lady from Cowbridge was not built that way. She curtly refused. Comfortable herself, with room to spare in her vehicle, she had the heart—or want of heart—to deny the desired accommodation to a tired, wounded chap. And it was asked for by the nurse, which makes the refusal cruel as well as discourteous. Let us charitably hope the woman in the cart may never find herself there in another sense.

A Revolting Resolution.

The "neutrality" of Uncle Sam is fast passing into the category of "things no fellah can understand." Among the victims of the *Lusitania* outrage was Mr. Paul Crompton, a prominent figure in the American hide and leather trade. Anxious to pay a tribute to the memory of their departed colleague, the Hide and Leather Association of New York City and Vicinity have now passed a solemn resolution, the opening clause of which impiously declares that "God in His Providence has removed from our midst our esteemed friend and associate, Paul Crompton." Among the signatories to the blasphemous pronouncement, we notice the names of Leopold Rossbach and Max J. H. Rossbach, the latter, as Secretary of the Association, having probably been responsible for the wording of the resolution. None but the most "hyphenated" of Americans could attribute to the caprice of Deity the crowning infamy of the bloody Huns.

More Gasson.

Gasson, of Rye, so often exposed in our columns, does not confine his practices to Great Britain. He has no compunction in handing out the same treatment to Britishers abroad. Our last article, "Gasson Again," inspires a letter from a reader in Nigeria, bitterly protesting against the wry methods of the Rye firm. This gentleman sent an order to Gasson on February 2nd, and we have before us as we write a copy of it, the counterfoil of a postal order for 20s. forwarded to Gasson, and the certificate of posting of a registered letter enclosing the money. But our friend in Africa has not heard one word in reply from the man. The goods paid for have not arrived and, in any case, would be too late now. This is a kind of business which we cannot too severely condemn, and we are sorry it is necessary to say it so often.

A Good Idea.

We are glad to note that many of our Canadian correspondents affix to their envelopes, in addition to the ordinary postage, a "War Tax" stamp of one cent. As our brother Scots put it, "Many a mickle makes a muckle," and, in any event, it is a tangible evidence of patriotism which might be extended throughout the Empire—including the homeland. Our French allies have, of course, ever since the first days of the war, had something of the kind, the proceeds going to the Red Cross.

"Bullet" prizes lead the way; win and have a holiday.

THE TRAGEDY—AND THE LESSON.

THE BLOOD-RED SUNSET—AND THE GOLDEN DAWN.

Although there is not, of course—and never has been—the slightest justification for the absurd rumour which somehow or other got afloat that we had offered to wager various sums of money that the war would be over by the present date, let it be said at once, and without equivocation, that we have upon more than one occasion expressed the view that before the summer months had gone Germany would be suing for peace. We did not mean that she would be openly admitting that she was beaten. What we meant, and said, was that, *being beaten*, she would hesitate to face another winter campaign, and would be throwing out "feelers"—through the press and through neutral states—with a view to the cessation of hostilities. And, although circumstances have arisen of a kind which even we, with all our contempt for the old system of political Party Government, could never have conceived to be possible, we are far from sure that our prediction is not at this very moment being fulfilled. Almost every day you may find, tucked away in the corner of your paper, some such paragraph as this: "Germany is quite prepared to discuss any terms of peace compatible with the original purposes of the war." Of course, nothing is said as to what those "original purposes" were!

Power of the Throne.

But whilst we may all read, mark, learn and inwardly digest these things, how few of us have any idea of what is occurring behind the scenes—or, rather, behind the thrones? We must never forget that the reigning Houses of Europe are all more or less related by either blood or marriage; and do you doubt that personal communications have entirely ceased? Of course, it is very heretical to speak of such a thing as the individual influence of the King. As a "Constitutional Monarch," he is supposed to have no real existence outside such activities as may be permitted to him by his Ministers. But that is only theory. They who know his Majesty are aware that he inherits much of the strong personality of his great father—Edward the Peacemaker, as we all called him; and that he is quite capable of interpreting the *rôle* of King as something more important than that of automaton to the Government of the day. A monarch is not a marionette. And if it *should* be the case that before long we find the Kaiser admitting that it is hopeless for him to continue the struggle—well, do not give *all* the credit to even Kitchener and his military and naval colleagues—and Allies. The Power of the Throne is still a very real thing indeed—which is one of the strongest bulwarks of the monarchical system. God Save the King!

A Wasted Year.

Well, we have now entered upon Chapter 2—and last—of the war. There should never have been a second chapter. Even caught as we were—thanks to our lawyer-legislators and our spiritual philosophers—altogether unprepared, we have had a whole year to pull ourselves together—only to be now starting! It is all very well for Mr. Balfour to tell us that we have "not yet shot our bolt." Why, we are only just beginning to forge it! And that is why Sir Henry Dalziel and they who are acting with him are justified in their present campaign of criticism and protest. For nearly twelve months everybody, by virtue of an unwritten truce, refrained from criticising the Government. We gave it an absolutely free hand. We sold ourselves to it, body and soul. And with what result? Only to discover that Blunder and Muddle had been piled upon Ignorance and Ineptitude. We had not attempted to blockade German ports *till the enemy had secured all the food and material she required*. We had allowed officers in high command to quarrel amongst themselves and with their civilian chiefs; we had permitted cotton to go *ad lib.* into Germany—to be converted into high explosives for the destruction of our troops; we had connived at the most callous violation by the enemy of every rule of war—ultimately threatening reprisals, but taking no steps to carry them into effect. We had been yelling for men and more men—and keeping the earliest recruits without equipment; we had provided our Army in the field with the wrong kind of shell and gun; we had kow-towed to neutral nations, instead of calling upon them to elect—for or against us; we had kept in office every nincompoop whose incompetency was proved to the hilt; we had trifled with the problem of spies and aliens; and we had allowed pro-German cranks and rogues (they whom the respective caps fit may wear them) to circulate their poisonous and pernicious doctrines through the land. It were surely time that somebody should speak out. And, to be fair, it is only right to state that Mr. Bonar Law admits the force of this contention. He does not join in the ministerial plea, nor in the commonplace defence that *any* kind of criticism is unpatriotic. At the same time, we wish that the necessity for it had never arisen.

The Enemy's Record.

And it is only when we come to reflect what have been the enemy's accomplishments during this past fateful year that we can fully realise the tragedy of our own blunders. Had we been but half ready we could have crushed Germany, by now, out of existence. She set forth, after thirty years of preparation, with what she regarded as an invincible fighting machine, with three definite objectives—Paris, St. Petersburg and Dover. She got nearly to the gates of the French capital, only to beat an ignominious retreat. *She will never get to Calais, much less to Dover—and she will never get to St. Petersburg.* True that, *en route*, she has invested Belgium—which was not

essential to her plan, and has taken Warsaw—*which will prove a thorn in her side.* That is the sum total of her year's work—at a cost, in money, of not less than 3,500 millions sterling, and, in casualties, of not less than five millions! And yet we are only just beginning! It is a terrible thought. And well may the Kaiser sue for peace; for, within a few months from now there should be no German soldier alive in the trenches—and the road to Berlin should be clear. Let his two million exhausted men return from the East; two million fresh and eager British soldiers will await their arrival.

A Coincidence.

Just a word about Russia. It is, of course, regrettable that Warsaw has fallen. Possibly the fall could not have been averted; but we are far from sure. Russian strategy whenever invasion is threatened is proverbial, and there are three periods in her history, separated by exactly the same number of years, from which we may draw an encouraging inference. In 1709 Peter the Great assembled a force of 100,000 men (a large army in those days) to meet Charles of Sweden—and then avoided a decisive encounter, retired into the interior, laying waste the country as he went, and leaving the enemy at the mercy of long marches, broken communications, shortage of supplies, and the severities of the climate. And then came the battle of Poltava—and the utter rout of the Swedes. One hundred and three years later the very same tactics were employed against Napoleon—then at the head of 600,000 troops. As before, the country was laid waste—and only 20,000 of that vast army ever returned alive to France. And now, one hundred and three years later, again we are witnessing the same kind of thing. Do not be too sure that the Kaiser's Eastern army *will* return intact to Flanders.

No Invasion.

But that is merely a side reflection. We have no time to dwell to-day upon history of a more remote period than the past twelve months—a history summed up in that little volume which we ourselves are about to issue, consisting of 365 daily tragedies; for that is what it comes to. And in other days 365 heads would have decorated the lamp-posts of London. For verily "someone has blundered"—blundered badly every day of the war—and in war, blunders are crimes. The crime of our politicians consisted of our utter unreadiness for everything except invasion; and there, whatever may have been his errors of judgment since—if errors there have been on his part—let us be thankful that Mr. Churchill was not caught napping. Within three hours of the declaration of war our fleet was outside Heligoland—Heligoland, which the blatant folly of the politicians, again, had "swopped" with Germany for a tract of territory in Timbuktu, or some equally important part of the world! Yes, the Navy was all right; *and successful invasion of our shores is a thing about which we need never worry.* Britannia rules the waves. But what the politicians forgot was that the British Empire comprises 13 million square miles and a population of 400 million human beings. And no Navy alone could protect such an Empire as that. Then, too, we had *ententes* and alliances, which involved if not legal, at any rate moral obligations. Yet we laughed at the idea of raising an Army; and the man who suggested that the use of arms should be part of the education of our youth was placed outside the pale of sanity.

The Lesson.

That mistake we must never make again. After all, as we have often said, political alliances are fleeting things—and in future we must be a self-contained and self-supporting and self-protected Empire—*always ready with a Reserve Army of five million men*, with a monthly drill and annual training and manœuvres—and a Navy *equal to that of the rest of the world.* And *that* will be the finest scheme of National Insurance upon which we could embark. But we wanted "educating" up to the truth. Will our politicians learn the lesson? Will Lloyd George, *when the war is over*, still admit the necessity for a Minister of Munitions? *There* is the danger. Will they realise, too, that one of the first duties of a Government is to see that the People's *Food* is safe and sure? We must have National Granaries, groaning with corn; and national stock-yards, full of meat; and vegetable and fruit farms all over the land. And if this scheme should perchance involve the violation of something which Adam Smith, or Cobden, or John Stuart Mill once wrote or said about the science of Political Economy—well, as with Stephenson's cow, so much the worse for Political Economy. *Safety* is the first condition of the "Wealth of Nations."

"Curse the Croakers."

In the meantime, as Mr. Hales said the other day, "Curse the croakers." The man who sees in the present situation any cause for alarm regarding the safety of the British Empire should consult an eye specialist. In racing parlance, we haven't "moved" yet—and if, with twelve months' start, Germany can get no further ahead of us than she is to-day, we should have little difficulty in catching her up. Besides, *we know something.* To-day we are exactly where we should have been a year ago—ready to give our allies the help to which they are entitled; and within a few weeks something will happen—something will be announced—which will make the Jeremiahs forget their Lamentations. *But be on your guard against the politicians*—lest you wake up one morning to find that Terms of Peace have been arranged. *That* is the one great danger of the situation to-day. We must insist upon the present Parliament, and, *if possible*, the present Government, remaining in power—or, at any rate, in existence—till Germany formally sues for peace; and then we must have a General Election on the one issue—the Terms of Settlement. The new Parliament may be, and *should* be, a short one, to be dissolved when the war is finally over. And then—but not till then—we can discuss internal, domestic affairs.

And we can then elect the First Business Government. It will be too early to revolutionise the present system before the war muddle is cleared up by the last Party Parliament—and a few of the blunderers have been hanged!

Only by learning the above lessons will the blood-red sunset of the year's tragedy be followed by the golden dawn of Victory.

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES.

THE RISE—AND FALL—OF A BRUTE NATION—THE MASTER DEVIL.

By A. G. Hales.

There are moments in a nation's history when the hand of fate touches the dial-plate of disaster—then comes the end. It is the recorded verdict of history that such moments are usually heralded by glowing triumphs, vast achievements, dazzling successes; a nation is seldom so supremely powerful as in the hour that immediately precedes its downfall. It is the law of nature as well as the law of nations: all fruit ripens till it rots, then at its best it falls from the bough to mingle with the soil from which it sprang. Grain comes to perfection; then even the whisper of a storm will shake it from the husk. Green or unfinished grain will cling to the husk in the midst of a storm and uprear itself in the morrow's sunlight, to go on until its allotted task is complete. It is that way with empires; it is history's unimpeachable verdict. It is that way with Germany now; her course is nearly run; soon she will hear the clock strike, and the midnight of her existence will be reached; her dazzling destiny fulfilled, her greatness will be as last year's leaves, her power as a withered bough. She has reached the zenith of her destiny—and her star, that might have been a beacon for the world, will sink in abysmal blackness.

The Germanic Rise.

To the student of history, half-a-dozen generations are but as hours to a schoolboy, and it seems but yesterday that Germany stood an unconsidered trifle in the lap of the world: a race of white barbarians degrading the civilisation of Europe—powerful in physique, brutal in features, foul feeders, deep drinkers, dull of brain, heavy of hand, coarse, common and cruel; yoking their women to the plough in the fields with oxen, compelling them to drag their heavy springless carts through towns and villages harnessed side by side with dogs. They had no manufactures worth speaking about outside of Saxony; no commerce, no trade; they were the most primitive people on the map of Europe, living mainly by crude tillage of the soil; a brutish breed who had no souls, no ideals, no culture, no chivalry. Crude force, sledgehammer force, was their ideal of power. To throttle with great, strong, hairy, dirty hands all who opposed them was the bed root of German idealism. They were a breed of clansmen, who lived like beasts and died like brutes.

Germany Finds Her Soul.

A race of noble poets sprang up, a school of fine painters, a cult of sublime thinkers, and the German brute was lifted out of his wallow and fashioned into something in the shape of a man, but below the surface the white savage still slumbered. A woman was never really the "angel in the house" in Germany; she was never more than "something handy to have about the place," and a nation that does not idealise its women is half savage at heart, for woman is more than the mother of a race—she is its saviour if it is to last. Germany under the new impulse began to stir like a giant child in the womb of time; she began to grow great, but the bristles never left the wild beast's back; the tusks of the forest ravager were always there; poets, artists, thinkers, writers, orators, all failed to do more than veneer the hide. A brute beast the German was born, and his brutishness will damn him.

The Master Devil.

Germany was escaping from the toils of her destiny when Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, was born. William of the red hand calls Bismarck the saviour of Germany; he was the Devil's outrider, and Germany's curse. Had this man never been born, the German race might have fulfilled the laws of evolution, and become really great; their natural force, if trained and led aright, might have made the whole world gladsome. Bismarck was a throwback to the stone age, a man with a colossal brain and no conscience, an iron will and no soul. Before his birth he had been balanced in hell, and made perfect for evil. Massive in all things—even in crime—he was a mountain of infamy shapen like a man, a devil by destiny. There is nothing surer than this, that unseen forces guide men, as men guide horses. What there was of humanity in Bismarck's nature was bound up in two things—love of Germany and hate of Britain. In danger he was brave as a lion, yet he was a liar to the roots of his soul. His brain was big enough to conceive plans for the dominance of Europe, yet he was a forger, a trickster and a cheat. In all his dealings with the Chancellors of Europe, he played with marked cards. He was the blight of Germany; he scoffed at the poets and artists, sneered at religion, strangled nobility of sentiment, made a mock of purity.

"Tame Europe and Crush England."

This was his waking thought and midnight dream. Then came William the Half-Witted, a creature diseased in body and brain—half an athlete, half a cripple, half a genius, half a homicidal maniac—a diseased sepulchre for a soul, a monster spewed from the dark ages to curse the twentieth century—a blight upon the garden of the world; and Bismarck, the master-fiend, trained and tutored him. For a time he did not show his hand after he came to the throne. Bismarck told lies: William was a living lie. He professed peace and prepared for war on a world that had done him no wrong. He was all evil, but he made Germany great. She had no navy; he built one, mighty in every detail. Germany had no mercantile marine of any moment; he subsidised ship-building until her flag was on every highway of the waters of the world. Germany had no overseas commerce; he sent special emissaries the world over and captured a gigantic volume of trade. Germany had no docks or canals of importance; he built some of the best on earth. Germany's flag had carried no weight outside of Europe; he made it respected and feared to the uttermost parts of the earth. Germany had only a small gold reserve; he filled the banks until they were bursting. He trained, armed and equipped a vast army of ravishers, murderers and plunderers and called them soldiers. He built factories where no factories had ever existed in the Fatherland, and he encouraged agriculture to walk hand in hand with commerce and manufactures. He was a boaster, a liar, a false friend. He played with loaded dice—even when a guest in friendly countries. He did not know the meaning of loyalty to bread and salt; the guest-chamber was to him a place of espionage; his kiss was the kiss of Judas; he would go to a royal kinsman's death-chamber and steal from dying lips the secrets of the great. But he and Germany together mounted to the Alpine heights of power and prosperity. Germany became the colossus of the world, and might have been its master ere the sands ran out, had honesty and righteousness been the national watchwords instead of trickery and brute force. The whole Germanic life has been a hideous lie for two generations. They were within an ace of world-mastery by virtue of their industry, organisation, will power and brain force—they have thrown it all to the dogs. The gods have cursed them; they will fall when the clock strikes. They are rotten with unrighteousness. *But the hour is near.*

THE BLIND BOXER.

A WORD WITH A "PHILANTHROPIC" INSTITUTION.

It sounds incredible in these days when boxers are fighting gallantly to protect this island, together with the many canting, Christian Committees of Royal Institutions contained in it; but it is nevertheless a fact—Andrew Jephtha, "the Blind Boxer," whose pathetic case formed the subject of a moving article written by Mr. Stephen Black in the *Daily Mail* about a year ago, may not enter the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind because he once stood up in a boxing ring!

He was once also a cabinet-maker in Cape Town, and one of those loyal Cape coloured men who have fought for the Empire time after time. But he took to boxing. And this horrible crime has made him an outcast; today he sits in eternal darkness, waiting for some house to enter where he will be allowed to learn a trade and work for the support of his wife and four little children. After various attempts to alleviate the distress of poor Jephtha, it was decided to enter him in the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, so that he might learn cobbling and carpentry. Application was duly made by Mr. H. A. Stainsby, Secretary of the National Institute for the Blind, after Mr. C. Arthur Pearson had kindly interested himself in the case. The first letters from Mr. W. H. Thurman, Secretary of the Institution, were most encouraging, he writing on June 9th: "We have a vacancy which we could give Mr. Jephtha almost immediately."

But now the whisper ran round the holy ears of the Committee of the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind that the apparently model man for whom admission was sought had once been—oh! horrible thought—a boxer! They feared, these gentle Pharisees, that his character could not be all that was desired. To alleviate their mental and moral distress, Mr. Stephen Black wrote to Mr. Stainsby on June 25th:—

> Jephtha is a Christian, and of excellent character. If he has any unusual vices he has concealed them very well, for nobody is aware of them. This is all that the Law and Humanity requires of us. So far as certificates of Confirmation or anything of the kind are concerned, I believe all documents were handed to Mr. C. Arthur Pearson. I may be wrong; if so, I will search for proofs on my return to London. At all events, I now place on record my belief that Andrew Jephtha is a gentle, honest, kindly and docile man, and as fit for admission to an institute as anyone I know. Certainly he has none of the bullying characteristics sometimes ascribed to boxers by people who know nothing of such men. Jephtha's faults are the faults of mankind. I hope candidates for Blind Institutions are permitted to have these.

And this was Mr. Thurman's curt reply on June 30th:—

> DEAR SIR,—I have been instructed by my Committee to inform you that after careful consideration, they cannot see their way to receive the man Jephtha either as a resident or as a day pupil in this Institution.
>
> I have informed Mr. Stainsby of this decision.

"Mr. Jephtha," who could be offered a vacancy "almost immediately," had, since his sporting reputation was discovered, become "the man Jephtha," a pariah unfit for the society of the blind.

Mr. Stainsby wrote a sympathetic letter and advised Mr. Stephen Black to approach various other institutes for the blind, but that gentleman very wisely determined instead to lay Jephtha's case once again before the sportsmen of the United Kingdom; and we now do so. In reply to a direct question as to whether Jephtha was summarily rejected either because of his colour or "*because he once held a boxing championship of England*," the Secretary replied on July 8th, *inter alia*: "The question of colour had no influence with the Committee." Of course. Why should it? Jephtha was a boxer, like many of the poor fellows who are coming back blinded from the war. We suppose they too will be outcasts from society.

The money raised over a year ago for Jephtha is dwindling away, and the poor wretch sits in horrible darkness and solitude, deprived of the offices of an institution erected with public money and "patronised" by Queen Alexandra. Meanwhile, what is to be done with the Blind Boxer? For the law does not allow prussic acid.

Perhaps Mr. C. Arthur Pearson can help?

MR. JUSTICE RIDLEY.

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

We are glad to see that Sir Henry Dalziel intends to move in the House of Commons an Address to the King for the removal of Mr. Justice Ridley from the Bench. This man has been a Judge more than long enough; for he ought never to have been a Judge at all. He is a crabbed, liverish old man, who has little law and less urbanity, and his removal would constitute a distinct judicial and public gain. His recent outburst followed closely on the heels of another while he was the Assize Judge at Leeds. It may be that among the infirmities of his Lordship's senility is a growing incapacity of hearing, but this does not appear to justify a municipal authority in stopping the whole traffic of a city in order to enable his Lordship to perform his duties. "I do not care how far away it is," he told a police Superintendent, who explained that a noise which irritated his Lordship was caused by a motor-car passing the end of a street sixty or seventy yards distant. "The traffic must not be allowed to disturb the business of the Court, and I expect my suggestion to be carried out by the police authorities or I shall want to know why. There are other ways of getting about Leeds, and if they make a noise in the street they must go by another way." It is always the irascible, crotchety, liverish type of Judge who fusses and fumes and threatens in this absurd way. No doubt Mr. Justice Ridley has certain authority and power within his own Court, but he is neither the Kaiser nor the Lord Almighty—at least, not yet. The notion of this failing old man that he is entitled to perform his strenuous labours between late breakfast and afternoon tea amid the perfect silence of an awed and grovelling universe, is one of those novel ideas which would occur to nobody except himself. Most of the world's work very much more worth while than any his Lordship has ever performed or is capable of performing—is done amidst incessant din. One of the chief law journals takes our view that his Lordship is too lamentable an exhibition for further public tolerance, and that, to put it in plain English, he should take his pension and retire. Unquestionably, his room on the judicial bench is to be preferred to his company.

A GATELESS GAOL.

THE PURGATORY OF THE CRIMINALLY INSANE.

In theory, insanity is held to excuse, or at any rate to avert, the normal penalties of crime, but in fact the Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum is largely a penal settlement. Its inmates are of two classes. There are those who while detained in ordinary convict establishments have become mentally affected, and have been transferred to Broadmoor for the remainder of their terms, after which in most instances they are handed over to their friends or relegated to county or Poor Law asylums. The rest of the inmates are persons found to have been insane at the moment of a criminal act and ordered to be detained "during his Majesty's pleasure." Of this class, it has been stated, upon high authority, that, with the exception of women suffering from puerperal fever, only about 1 per cent. are ever released. In many instances the "criminal," after a shorter or longer period of detention, recovers his sanity, only to realise that the asylum has become a prison from which escape is virtually impossible. The reluctance of the Home Office authorities to sanction release, even under the most stringent safeguards, has been hardened into a system productive in many cases of the gravest hardship. In cases of homicidal mania or other grave derangement, such an attitude may perhaps be defended, but many of the unhappy inmates of Broadmoor are delinquents of a far milder type, who, but for the suggestion of insanity, would long ago have regained their liberty. This is the central point to which inquiry should be directed. The continuance of war has necessarily postponed the consideration of such problems, but an occasional reminder of their existence may not be out of place.

BEWARE OF BOS.

CUNNING CALL OPTION SCHEME.

From The Hague comes a "special offer" from I. H. Bos and Co., calling themselves "Cotton and Rubber Dealers," but who are in reality a firm of notorious "bucket-shop" keepers, formerly of Rotherham. When plying their trade in Yorkshire their plan was to pester the public with circulars inviting them to remit money for cover gambles in cotton, on which huge profits were assured. They, however, have now broken out in a fresh place, whence come the Peace Conferences whose gorgeous Carnegie Palace is paved with good intentions. Whether Bos's purpose is to bring peace to the minds of those who have dealings with them, we cannot say. But the kindly firm certainly evince great interest in other people's material prosperity. Their circular, which lies (ahem!) before us, is evidence of that. It runs:—

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.
IF NO PROFIT IS MADE YOUR MONEY IS UNCONDITIONALLY REFUNDED.

DEAR SIR (OR MADAM),

Practically every Security in the World has fallen in price and there are hundreds of Stocks at present standing at what we may call "Famine Prices." One of these is Consols, the Premier Security of the World.

Even the enemies of England are looking to her for advice in the present unhappy situation, and it is undoubtedly owing to the efforts of English statesmen and the clean fighting of your brave soldiers that the War will end, as every friend of humanity and every enemy of venomous stink gas and other murderous acts, hopes it will end, unless he happens to be a poisoner.

Admirable sentiments, though awkwardly expressed, but calculated to arouse suspicion when used as inducements to speculate. Bos and Co. continue their burst of eloquence as follows:—

Now that it is certain Victory will come to the Allies side and that the turning point in the War is not far off, it is just as certain there will be a considerable rise in CONSOLS as soon as any really good news comes to hand. We are therefore making the very special offer of a 30 days' Call Option on £500.—Consols for £5.—. The Stock is now so low that a profit is practically certain.

In order that our Clients' money should *not be lost*, we have arranged that the transaction shall be extended in the event of a profit of at least £5 not being shewn at the end of the option period. In other words, if a rise should be delayed we will give you a further chance of making a profit without any further charge. What could be fairer than this?

On the face of it, nothing. But bewildered clients might be inclined to ask why Bos and Co. should be so generous, and whether they stand to gain more by their clients' successful speculation than by their loss. Moreover, Bos and Co. do not state *how long* their clients second chance will be extended, in the event of their failing to make at least £5 profit. Why this generosity? Their postscript professes to explain the mystery:—

P.S.—We propose to continue the policy of returning the option money in order to absolutely disprove the criticism which have (*sic*) been inserted in one or two periodicals who (*sic*) have been unable to obtain large advertisement orders from us.

The profits of a "bucket-shop" are made out of the clients who take up call options and lose on the transaction. Similarly, the profits of the bookmaker consist of the stakes of backers who fail to find the winner. Both the bookmaker and the "bucket-shop" keeper (when honest) pay their successful clients out of the money obtained from the unsuccessful, and then themselves pocket the difference. No sane and respectable bookmaker would undertake to return their stakes to losing backers. To do so, and at the same time pay out the odds to winners, he would need the purse of a Crœsus. On the same principle, no "bucket-shop" keeper can return their option money to losing clients without inviting bankruptcy—and having the invitation accepted. Therefore, the undertaking of Messrs. Bos and Co. to return their clients' option money should they fail to realise at least £5 profit must, of necessity, be a cover for some hidden trickery.

That is one of many reasons why we warn our readers to beware of Bos and Co., of The Hague.

TOO BUSY!

"POOR" DOCTOR'S POOR EXCUSES.

In response to an urgent summons to attend a sick man at Upton St. Leonards, Dr. Robert Guy Kellett, of Gloucester, explained that "he did not think it necessary to go to Upton that night, but would see the patient in the morning." Before his arrival, however, the sick man had breathed his last, and at the inquest Dr. Kellett was severely taken to task for his apparent neglect. In justification of his conduct, he pleaded that there had been no reason to anticipate a fatal termination of the man's illness. Death had been due, in his opinion, to syncope following gastric catarrh, and "it was not once in a lifetime that a hearty young fellow of 30 would die of syncope after such an attack." To these considerations we are anxious to give due weight; but from some of his further observations we are inclined to think that Dr. Kellett has taken rather too easy a view of his obligations towards panel patients. Replying to a suggestion of negligence, he remarked:—

If doctors were to go to every case in which they received a call they could never do their work. No collier would be so overworked as a poor doctor. There were only a certain number of seconds in a minute, and minutes in a day. They had got to do their work and must do the best they could.

Reminded that he had definitely contracted with the State to give due attention to panel patients, the "poor doctor" replied:—

You will find on the back of a medical card that a panel patient is bound to give the doctor the least possible trouble. He has no right to run for the doctor unless the case is a serious one. . . . They could not run to everybody at a moment's notice, and had to judge which were the most serious cases.

In the case under notice, Dr. Kellett's judgment would appear to have been gravely at fault. Moreover, he seems to have conveyed his light view of the matter by telephone to another doctor, who in his turn declined to visit the patient. In these circumstances we are in complete accord with the conclusion of the coroner, who "quite appreciated the resentment of the relatives at the doctor not having come, and thought that any feeling on their part was not misplaced"—to which we may add that if "poor" Dr. Kellett has more patients on his panel than he can properly deal with, he should at once take steps to reduce his work to manageable proportions.

BAD BUSINESS.

TERRIBLE TROUBLE AT THE TELEGRAPH TUCK-SHOP.

Among the main catastrophes resulting from the present inflation of prices is the severe financial embarrassment of the Refreshment Department attached to the Central Telegraph Office. The enterprise is a co-operative one, and its present unfortunate position is a matter of no small concern to the large number of postal servants for whose requirements it caters. An all-round increase in the tariff for meals and the charging of a penny per head for "service" have failed to protect the solvency of the concern, and in the Report of a Committee recently appointed to search out the causes of the decline, further increased charges are foreshadowed. As to the origin of the present difficulties, the Report is explicit. "The main factor," we read, "is the general rise in prices," but several contributory causes are alleged:—

In 1913 the Committee adopted an increased scale of staff wages which, having matured, is now costing an additional £1,000 per annum. It would appear that it was not realised that the margin of profit was insufficient to cover the cost involved.

Here, clearly, is proof of a want of commercial acumen fatal to the success of a trading enterprise. Personally, we have never held a high opinion of the business capacities of civil servants in general, and we are tempted to wonder whether the needs of the Central Telegraph Staff might not be served with greater economy and equal efficiency by an outside firm of caterers, working upon contract lines.

"Money Pictures" suit all round; every week £100.